

PR 5232

R4L4

4
Countess Dowager
of Essex.

Not in her care of
a Lady McDonald
23 Bruton Street





Class _____

Book _____

DOBELL COLLECTION

W. A. H. H. H.

The Countess Dowager of Essex
With Lady Lubbock's kindest
& respectful regards

LEAVES

FROM

A JOURNAL.

by
Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire

MDCCCXLIV.

3
3
3
3
3

London March 1845

PR5232
RALA

EDINBURGH : PRINTED BY THOMAS CONSTABLE,
PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.

205449
'13



P R E F A C E.

THIS trivial volume is not intended as a publication. Its pages are merely presented in this form to a few friends who may wish to know what were my thoughts while abroad. In the life of one necessarily confined, year after year, to the seat of his professional labours,—crossing the Alps and Appenines, and passing some weeks in Italy is an *event*. Those who take an interest in the individual may therefore be happy to see some record of what chiefly dazzled his imagination, or touched his heart. I kept no regular journal, as my movements were too rapid, and my observations necessarily very superficial. It would, no doubt, have been easy to have compiled one on the ordinary principles, describing all I had seen or travelled over (with perhaps something more) having recourse, all the time, to the guide-book for statistics, for politics to the postilion, and for learning to the *laquais de place*. But I thought it better merely to endeavour to sketch the most striking scenes I visited, and to record such impressions as appeared to me at the time worthy of being prevented from passing away. All I have attempted is a mere out-

“ Within the book and volume of my brain.”—HAMLET.

BOOK of my brain ! these leaves together bound,
To save their fading, are with hasty hand
Culled from thy store, where, gathered day by day,
Fond Memory coils within her fleeting folds
(As nature opens out her volume vast
To all who come with artless soul to read,)
Such varied treasures as the mind can hold.

I may not hope the fruitage from her lap
Has found fit record here. But if one dew-drop
Fall on the page, or one responsive sigh
Be echoed to my lay,—then not in vain
Is this poor garland, as a gift of love,
Devoted to the friends who can forgive
The song, though rude, for sake of him who sung.

ON THE DUOMO, MILAN.

WHAT though from hate of priestly pomp and power,
Perchance a little tinged with bigot zeal,
And the stern tenets of his ruder times,
The poet of the Fall of Man denounced
The friars' trumpery. Though our simple forms
Require not golden altar, gonfalon,
Crozier, or mitre deck'd with precious gems,
Censer of burning myrrh, or useless flame,
Sickening beneath the sunbeam ? Yet, oh yet,
Call not this pious labour mockery,
Nor turn with methodistic eye away.
Who shall decide *where* form alone prevails,
Burying religion in her chill embrace ?
The rudest and the richest both, alas,
Have outward show ; and, in the silken robe
Of priest reformed, or trim Geneva band,
Or suit of simplest sable, may there be
Form without truth, as by the rubied shrine,
Or golden glare of sacerdotal pomp.
Lift then thine eyes with them, unto the God
Of Heaven, whose service we and they profess ;
Nor deem, presumptuous, thou alone art pure.
The God of Nature builds his temples bright :
The glory of the morn, the evening sun,

The fleecy clouds, the ever rolling waters,
The dewy shrubs and trees, the silver moon,
The glittering stars, the golden mountain tops,
The earth herself, bedeck'd in beauteous green,
Amidst the music of her thousand streams.—
These all are glorious—these His handiwork !
Why, then, despise that pomp which piety
And faith enjoin, hallowed by age on age,
And by the hosts of Christendom revered ?

MILAN, 20th August.

THE LAST SUPPER OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

DEFACED, retouched, dilapidated, torn,
And like the ceaseless tide of human life
In revolutions tost,—neglect and scorn,
Violence alternating with care mispent
Changing thy hues,—yet 'midst thy ruin still
How beauteous thou!—still can the thoughtful eye
Discern a ray of light amidst the gloom,
See in the young disciple faith and hope,
And in the Saviour, love, beatitude!
Yet all is fading fast; and time, relentless,
With dewy fingers will, from day to day,
Efface thy sacred glories more and more,
Leaving thee mouldering with the dust from which
Thou and the hand that gave thee birth, have sprung.
Nor Leonardo! this thy fate alone;
The means are human though the art divine,
And Titian's tenderest touch, the glow of Rubens,
The holy rapture of Raphaele, the grace
Of Carlo Dolce, or of greater Guido,
And even the magic might of Michael Angelo;—
All that man fashions, to the touch of Time
Yields in its turn.

Give me then, Nature's never-dying hues,
Give me the mighty Rhine's majestic march,

Or, gliding through her golden meads, the Po ;
 Give me the sunshine on the glorious Alps,
 Or softer Appenine ; let the queen of night
 Rule in her beauty o'er the Adrian wave,
 Or tinge the heights of Fesole, or Florence,
 With cypress dark, and silver olives clad.
 Let others dwell on painting's soothing calm,
 The mild repose of Raphael's raptured saints,
 Lorraine's still quiet, and the slumbering domes
 Of Canaletti.—Is their calm more deep
 Than that which rests upon the mountain tops
 At early morn, or 'midst the noon-day sky ?
 Nor say the murmur of the wandering bee,
 Or chirp of grasshopper, or falling shower
 In summer eve, or voice of plaintive bird,
 Or motion of the dweller in the brook,
 Disturbs our quiet dreams, more than the breath
 That hardly shakes the trembling aspen leaf,
 Or snow-flake falling on the lonely Tarn.—
 Nature, I am thine own !

MILAN, *September* 1844.

VENICE.

WAS there not room enough for them on earth,
That thus they built a city in the sea?
Or were the masters of the mighty main,
Who reared thy marble palaces on sand—
Amidst the ocean's weeds—bound by their vow
Of annual wedlock to their Adrian spouse,
Never to rest their feet on pebbled shore?
Or sought they thus to guard from foreign foe,
The golden stores of royal merchandize—
Piled 'midst the waves—that here they planted thee?

Thy glory did abound, what time the east
Poured forth her treasures with incessant flow,
Strewing thy haven with her glittering masts;
When like rays streaming from thy central sun,
Her wealth was wafted o'er the western world—
Wafted even to our isle—the mightier mistress
Of the waves, whose riper glories now transcend
Ten thousand times thine own, wrenching the East
From thee, and from the world; her banner planting
In cold Canadian wastes, Australian plains,
Or 'midst the spicy fields of Hindostan,
Where ev'n the memory of thy name is lost.
Where now thy Doges—Councils of ten and three,
Assembled Senates, Nunciates, Churchmen proud?
Cruel tribunals, where the accuser spake

But through the lion's mouth, fit orifice
 For falsehood and for malice?—where one step
 Led from the judgment chamber to the vault,
 And from that vault another to the wave—
 Strange interminglement of death and pomp,
 Of guilt and glory, servitude and freedom!
 In Wisdom's seat sate stolid superstition,
 By bigotry and fiery zeal supported—
 The seals of justice broken at their feet,
 And by their side,—fast bound—merey and truth!

Unlike thou wert in days gone by, and now
 Unlike thou art to other cities—save
 In this, that time brings ruin in his train,
 Thy strong foundations sapping,—crumbling down
 Marble and monument, arch, statue, tablet,
 Brazen or gold; and to the meanest uses
 Turning thy halls and palaces of state.

Yet let me not repine for glory lost;
 For still thou dwell'st in beauty 'midst decay,
 While every being moving in thy streets,
 Moves with a grace.—The common Gondolier,
 Vender of water, fruits, or flowers, or spice;
 And even the beggar, lounging by the square
 Of Great St. Mark, or slumbering by some porch
 Antique or Saracenic, while he eats
 A shadow o'er the tessellated pavement,
 In easy posture sleeps, and, as he sleeps,
 Dreams of the glories of the days gone by.
 Visions of other, better days arise,
 And though I would not touch one antique relic
 Save with the hand of holiest veneration—

'Twere sickly sentiment to mourn return
 Of commerce, happiness, ease, plenty, peace—
 Blessing the people with reviving light,
 Soft as the sky which shines above thy domes.

Will this new weapon in the hand of man—
 By which the element of fire at will,
 Controls the waters, scorns the winds, and with
 The speed, as of the lightning, spans the earth,
 Do nought for thee? Already hath it linked thee
 Unto the land—May not its might even yet
 Reanimate thy soul-deserted frame?

VENICE, 27th August 1844.

CAMPO SANTO INGLESE, LEGHORN.

SMOLLETT AND HORNER.

VARIOUS the tracks which lead the sons of genius
Up that steep mount, where from her golden throne,
Fame sends her glories forth ; and few who climb,
Approach the summit, strive they ne'er so hard—
What boots, alas, the strife, when all is o'er !
By different paths, these sought her perilous seat,
Both gathering on their way unfading wreaths.
Blossoms of truth and love, cull'd from the lap
Of Nature ; knowledge of the ways of man,
Wit, pathos, power, are writ, thou earlier born
And longer spared ! upon thy deathless page.
And thou the latest taken ! In spring time
Of thy beneficent career cut off,
Learned in the craft of state, persuasive, wise,
Didst in thy life a bright example set,
Of manly worth, by manners mild attempered.
Here rest ye, not amidst the strangers' dust,
Where tablet, cypress, wild-flowers mark your graves.
And many a Scottish wanderer drops a tear
Where Horner lies ;—or sighs that Smollett sleeps
So far from Leven's banks and Scotland's sky.
Though thus together lie her sons, whose paths
In life lay far asunder, yet the land
That loved them mourns the fate of both ; and losing
Their ashes, consecrates instead their name.

LEGHORN, 5th September 1844.

AMPHITHEATRE, POZZUOLI.

Lo, Baiaë's beauteous bay beneath me spreads !
Glitter the Lucrine and Avernine lakes,
The Sybil's haunted grot, dull Acheron,
The whispering shrine of feathered Mercury,
The Elysian fields—the grove where Venus sported,
The lonely pillars of Serapian Jove,
Glassed in the wave which laves their oozy feet,
The Appian Way beyond, and dimly seen,
The mild retreat of gentle Cicero !
These magic words still speak of Roman glory—
And as the thunder roll'd above my head,
And echoed through these grass-grown walls, where thousands
Once shouted while the gladiator fell,
My heart, oppressed with shadows of the past—
Trembled tumultuously.

What scenes, O Nature, hast thou spread around !
Isles of surpassing loveliness—that seem
The very gems of Neptune's diadem—
Mountains which from the dark blue waters spring—
And to the sea give back an equal beauty—
Sulphureous spots, whose ever smouldering flames,
Whisper of fires primeval—while Vesuvius,
Making, like jealousy, "the food he feeds on,"
Burns with a splendour inextinguishable.

Lo ! at his feet—the clustering vine, the fig,
 The cactus, and the olive, and the palm—
 The rarer orange, with her golden glare,
 Glistening amidst the fruits of common growth,
 And countless wild flowers, every spot bedecking.

But who the tenants of the land, whose breezes
 Breathe living loveliness—and glory gone ?
 Alas ! oppression,—crime, her eldest born—
 Disease and poverty, falsehood and fraud,
 With folly in their train—permeate through all ;
 Trade seeking truth in vain, to other shores
 Unfurls her trusty sails—while learning grave,
 The best beloved of freedom—shuns the realm,
 And finds in western climes a fitter home.

Hath Naples then no remnant of antiquity ?
 Let superstition's thousand tongues reply.
 The wonders of Our Lady of the Grotto,
 What are they but the Sybil's sorceries ;
 Was not the blood shed to Serapian Jove,
 As potent as the Januarian font,
 That bubbles forth at Solfatara's shrine ?

POZZUOLI, 11th September 1844.

POMPEII.

TEMPLES of Jove and Isis, from the sand
Rising in sunny clustered beauty, hail!
Your worshippers are fled; your priests have fallen;
Pompeii's kindred deities are gone;
Broken their effigies; their shrines decayed.
Hush'd the tribunal, where to combat doom'd
Guiltless or guilty stood the slave forlorn.
No sound comes from the theatre of blood
Save hum of lizard, grasshopper, or bee.
Within the senate hall the snake lies coil'd,
The orator is dumb—the patriot cold.
In thy soft garden bowers and quiet homes
Beauty has lost her smile, and love her pow'r.
The Forum is forsaken. Hushed the crowd
That in the busy mart jostled for gain.
The chariot wheels along the well-worn stones
Move not. The jars of wine and oil are empty.
Broken the grinding stones; the hearths are cold.
The gold within its master's grasp is sealed.
The armourer, the smith, the labourer rests,
The slave and prisoner, from his chains set free.
The sentinel keeps his post, an armed atomy!
Fountains and baths are dry. The sports are ended.
Tragic and comic theatres repose;
The actors rest. The wrestlers struggle not.

The mummer's jest is o'er. The song is hush'd ;
The minstrel's harp is broke ; the wine cup fall'n.

Nor is it holy rite, or public care,
Domestic joy alone, or gain, or strife,
That here lie buried in a common calm.
The wail of poverty, the cry of sorrow,
The complicated ills of life have ceased,
Within these walls two thousand years ago.
For death, the great deliverer, arm'd with fire
Volcanic, from his seat swept fiercely down,
And in an ashy ruin whelmed them all.
The sea itself, from its conflicting foe
Shrinking in fear, no longer laved thy walls.

From age to age darkness and dull oblivion
Had sealed thee fast, till chance thy cerements burst,
And to the garish light of day disclosed
Thine awful tomb—to those that dreamt not of thee.
Slowly and piecemeal have they rent thy bands,
Thy buried form as yet not half disclosed.
But they have ta'en the treasures from thy halls—
Silver, and gold, and gems, with wondrous art
Incrusted,—vases, urns, sarcophagi,
Penates from each niche, the lamps that lit them :
Statues of bronze or marble ;—from the floors
Inwrought mosaic—from the walls and ceilings
Reliefs and frescoes, solemn or grotesque,
All fresh as when they left the limner's hand.
And they have gathered up thy household gear,
Thine implements of trade and war—thine ornaments
And wearing tire, from out the wearer's ashes.
Ah ! could one voice have spoken from the grave,

What tales of ages past its lips had uttered !
 But the sealed tombstone opens not again—
 The severed thread unites not—the quench'd flax
 Revives no more.

Since freighted galleys harboured in thy ports,
 And chariots jostled on thine Appian Way,
 Charged with the costly merchandize of Rome—
 Or nearer Herculaneum—how unchanged !
 Yet all thy streets are tenantless, save one,
 Fast by the northern gate, where sleep the dead,
 Who found their rest before thy ruin fell.
 Happiest their fate. Fair sepulchre, adieu !

POMPEII, 14th September 1814.

ROME.

RASHLY 'twas writ—though soft the lay—yet rashly—
That Rome's sole dowry is the beauteous sky
That bends above her hills, and temples fallen,
As if her noblest name could ever die.
To me she seems with richest treasures crown'd,
With glory and with grandeur all her own,
Leaving all other cities likened to her,
As stars amidst the firmament—when the moon
In pensive beauty crowns the parted day.

Oh, could I paint in colours due the shapes
Of power and beauty which thy sight awakens,
Then were these dreams worthy the light of day ;
But mighty hands have made the stringéd harp,
Resound the music of thy majesty ;—
The last and saddest echo from *his* lyre,
Who, with the spell of genius and of truth,
Mingled with beauty, grace, and tenderness,
In exile harped the glories of the land.
Yet let me rudely fix my recollections,
And thus to friendship's partial eye alone
Present this record of my thoughts at Rome.

When first, we enter at thy gates ; when last
We leave thy walls, where'er we roam within thee ;

One feeling haunts us, wander where we may—
 'Tis of the union not to be divorced,
 Which links thy modern with thine ancient soil.

Strangely the Heathen and the Christian world
 Have mixed their wonders on this chosen spot.
 The temple, where the sacred fire was cherished
 By vestal virgins, is a Romish shrine ;
 Beneath the rude Pantheon's open roof,
 Devoted relic, crucifix, and font,
 Blend in confusion ; every niche has found
 A tenant, stranger to its destiny ;
 Each altar of the gods of old is changed ;
 The urns, robbed of their ashes, with the dust
 Of modern priests are filled. Hallowed to saints
 The Coliseum's bloody floor ; and where
 The revelry of Dioclesian's baths
 Luxurious erst was heard,—the sound uprises
 Of Avés chanted by the solemn choir !
 Yet 'midst this strange commixtion, over all
 Reigns beauty—present peace—And the rapt soul
 Grows pensive, while we pass where new and old
 Together lodge, as in a living grave.

Nor suits the scene the pensive heart alone,
 Each character of mind finds refuge here.
 The man who peers with antiquarian eye,
 May trace the bas-reliefs on Trajan's column ;
 The story writ on arch of Constantine,
 Of Titus, or Severus ; or pore o'er
 The faded fretwork of Rienzi's halls.
 Or if he pant to realize the past,
 Bid him contemplate that majestic mound

Within whose halls—amidst their savage games,
 And drunk with blood, sat consuls, emperors, kings ;—
 While overhead, tier upon tier up piled,
 The countless crowd shouted the victor's name ;
 And Roman maidens, tired in festive garb,
 Dropt not a tear, while blood of Nubian captive,
 Welled forth, and set the struggling prisoner free.
 Silent is now that scene of blood and strife,
 Save when the voice of wandering priest is heard,
 Muttering his evening prayers before the cross,
 Seen dim amidst the stern arena's waste.

Nor say that even the modern city wants
 A grandeur of her own. Ascend Montorio,
 And see her splendour in its full display—
 Domes, obelisks, towers, Campaniles, palaces,
 And countless columns rising to the sky.
 From her vast temple on the northern side
 Survey her westward to St. Mary's shrine,
 Or fair St. John's, beneath whose portico
 The pensive penitent climbs on his knees
 The holy stairs, down which our Lord descended,
 Leaving the judgment seat ; whose cloisters mild
 Boast of the woman of Samaria's well,
 Pillars of Pilate, and the column shattered
 When the holy temple's self was rent in twain.
 Look to the south, where New St. Paul's arises,
 Along the Appian Way, far extra mural,
 Throughout the dark Campagna's spacious bounds,
 With mighty nameless ruins overspread ;
 From Cæsar's palace on the Palatine,
 To fair Mætella's tomb, while interlaced,
 The grape, the cypress, pine, and Ilex dark,

And fair acacia, crown the heights around ;—
 And on the far horizon, softly blue,
 Wavers the outline of the Sabine hills.
 One spot my eye most loved to mark, where, decked
 With flowers, they sleep in peace by Cestius' tomb,
 Who from my native land have wandered hither,
 A little to extend the fine spun thread
 Which, ah how soon ! in softest summer breeze,
 Melts like the gossamer ; until they find
 That peace which sound of morn disturbs no more.

But shall I pass thy other glories by,
 Unheeded or unnoticed ? Enter with me
 That noblest structure reared by human hand,
 Worthiest the worship of the living God.
 Let the cold critic cavil as he may
 At varied orders, and at rule despised,
 Measure proportions with his rule and square,
 Weigh in his scrupulous scales thine ornaments,
 Trace in detail thy monumental stones,
 Thy gems, and rich mosaics, gold and silver,
 I look but to thine object and thy power,
 I cast my eye along thy vaulted roof,
 And *feel* thy matchless and sublime design
 See from thy mercy-seat the dove of peace
 Brooding, in solitary ray of gold,
 And to the penitent, in name of Him
 Who keeps the keys of heaven, “pardon and peace”—
 Proclaiming. Precious thought for them who trust !—
 See on the marble floor yon cardinal,
 Kneeling in cloth of gold,—in meekness there
 Together kneel the noble and the monk,
 The ladies of the land, the poor, the rich,

The young, the old, the gay, the wretched outcast,
 Bowing together in the house of God.
 See near that Baldachin of porphyry,
 Which guards the saint,—fast by the hundred lamps
 That ceaseless shine above the Apostle's tomb,—
 In silent admiration, on his spear,
 Leans the rude peasant of those hills, that skirt
 The Pontine northward to Albano's groves.
 Most fit that thus the house of prayer should be
 Open like charity, and calm like peace.
 Oh may it bring that peace which passeth knowledge,
 And to the wearied soul give welcome rest !

Tell me not then that Rome's best dowry is
 The beauty of her sky ; beauteous indeed
 It is beneath the summer sun, when forth
 He shines in ruby, sapphire, diamond gold ;
 Or when the softer mistress of the night
 Scatters around silver and amethyst ;
 But Rome's best portion is her noble name.
 That 'midst the changing seasons, knows no change.
 Great names and things die not ; the passing time
 But hallows them the more ;—so 'tis with Rome
 To which I bend a willing knee, and with
 An humble pensive reverence, bid—Farewell !

ROME, 25th September 1844.

FLORENCE, ON RETURN.

WHY looks fair Florence fairer than before?
Her groves more rich, loftier her Appenine?
The river murmurs with a gentler flow;
Villas and vineyards look more sweet; more happy
The homesteads; all Val d'Arno brighter beams:
Greater the glee through gladsome Tuscany.

Come we from colder clime, from land less beauteous?
Were their memorials of the time gone by
More meagre, or the works of art less bright?
No! for by Naples' bay our course has been,
The fairest even in this enchanted land.
Pozzuoli and Pompeii's placid peace,
Have touched our hearts with sympathy and love;
Ancient and modern Rome for us disclosed
Their countless treasures—from the Coliseum
To the great temple of the Christian world,
And princely Vatican:—while yet more late
We left Perugia's heights, and Arni's vales.
Or shines the sun more brightly; does the air
More balmy breathe—along these olive slopes,
Through summer's soft advance and golden days?
No! rather say the closing Autumn casts
A shade around, and the half-faded leaf
Tells of the winter's near and sere approach.

What then thus brightens all the beauteous scene ?
 Well was it writ by him who swayed the power
 Of fancy, " In the mind alone doth lie
 The source of all that's beauteous and sublime."
 It is the star guiding us northward still,
 To our home beloved, which lightens thus the land.
 Nor say the cold in clime are cold in love.—
 The love of country, noblest of its class
 Burns strongest in their breasts ; and, in its train,
 Brings honour, virtue, charity, and peace.

FLORENCE, 29th September 1844.

DOMO D'OSSOLA.

'Tis fit these mountains most magnificent,
With verdure canopied should close the scene,
And as upon yon snowy peak afar,
The setting sun expends his parting ray,
He bids me call to mind thy beauties parting,
Fair Italy! for ever from mine eye.
Thy spirit seized my heart at once; and let
My last emotion,—like my first be, love.

Thy beauteous land I've traced from north to south,
Where o'er the sea Vesuvius lifts his brow,
To the stern Alps which guard thy northern bound,
From Genoa to the City of the Sea.
I've seen the morning sun, in beauty light
That glorious bay, which bears the name of Naples,—
And in his evening's splendour, sink beneath
The Adrian wave. I've seen his noontide rays
Flaming on Como, or Maggiore's isles,
Gilding Perugia's or Assisi's heights,
Amidst the wooded Appenine, and through
Pompeii's ruins,—as in mockery—glaring.
I've seen the moon shed her soft rays o'er Florence,
O'er Thrasimene, and the Flavian mound;
The stars bespangling all the deep Tyrrhene
In clustered beauty,—with the silvery olives,

Mingling their rays ; in Jove's Serapian temple,
 Heard the waves murmur by Pozzuoli's beach,
 While thunder shook the land in unison,
 And over thy proud Basilicas beheld
 The flashing lightning, thou imperial Rome !

But 'midst this splendour, oh, what moral darkness
 Broods o'er all ! Where is thy learning now,
 Thine enterprize, thy freedom, where are they ?
 Thy merchant kings of Genoa and of Venice ?
 Where now thy Pontiff's power, whose written thunders
 Shook Christendom from east to west, while Princes
 Bent at his feet the supple subject knee ?
 Broken asunder, into kingdoms, dukedoms,
 Poor principalities and powers divided.
 True that the Austrian's stern but just dominion,
 Through fertile Lombardy spreads power and peace ;
 That at his bidding slowly mighty Venice
 Lifts her dejected but majestic head ;
 That Genoa at Sardinia's call revives,
 With half her ancient industry and wealth ;
 That jocund Tuscany, beneath a sway,
 Mild and yet firm, smiles 'midst her olive groves,
 And busy merchants crowd Livorno's mart.
 Ah me ! within thy bounds these are but specks—
 But roses blooming rarely here and there,
 To mark the site where once a garden stood.
 On thy wide surface Sadness sets her seal.
 Dull ignorance and superstition dwell
 Within thee ; industry finds no reward.
 Thy nobles, like thy princely merchants, sink
 Into forgetfulness ; their palaces
 Are now the stranger's home—or else forsaken.

Could truth, with energy, her sister fair,
Land on thy shores ! Could British enterprize
Inspire thee with congenial emulation—
Then might thy mists dispel, and on thy soil
The old familiar fame of Rome revive !

5th October, 1844.

IN THE SIMPLON.

BASILICAS of Florence, Rome, Milan !
With all your architectural tracery
And pomp, what are ye ?—What ? beside this scene ?
These are the temples of the living God,
Rear'd by a mightier hand than that of man,
Their deep foundations to the centre piercing,
Their summits soaring upward to the sky ;
Their hoar antiquity creation's dawn !
What are your gleaming marbles, gems, and gold,
To the bright snow reposing on those peaks ;
Or on the glacier glistening, when the sun
This sanctuary vast lights with his rays,
For morning or for ev'ning prayer. Nor lack
They other ornament :—these countless rocks,
With herbage interlaced, and here and there
With mountain rills besprinkled ;—in the clefts,
The trees in bright October's livery clad ;—
Such the mosaic wrought by Nature's hand.
Or with your organ deep, and choral song,
Compare the voice of roaring cataract—
Or crash of avalanche : or, 'midst the pines,
The piping wind, the river's psalmody.
Then say if piety wants priest or shrine,
To point the way unto that God, who rides
Amidst the storm, —nor slumbers in the calm.

6th October, 1844.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 525 291 A

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 525 291 A

